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THE BEST IS THE CHRAPEST.

OF HARTFORD, CORN.,

. S. C. RERNDON, AGENT

MISSING. A sation's yarn you'd like to have me spin's Sit down, shipmate; here, off Nantucket coast.

I was the Captain of the Abel Gwynn
That stormy year the Mary Lee was lost. Her Captain's name was William Henry

A saliant and a careful skipper, too; I saw the ship weigh suchor and clear And bear away along the heaving blue,

Far out at sea she stood, the Mary Lee,
A whaler rigged and from this harbor With all sail spread from the cold northern A good ship-aye, and timbers staunch and

But that was more than twenty years ago. And old Nantucket town will never see, cross the distant billows rising slow.
The topmast of the good ship Mary Lee.

Aye! aye! that little woman waiting there? The skipper's wife—how fast she's getting gray, Brown as an autumn oak-leaf was her hair The morning that the Mary sailed away. she comes here ev'ry morning with that (She's not in her right mind, 'twixt you and And while the ships come in, the poor old

DISGUSTED WITH THEM

Stands watching for the bonny Mary Lee, -Inter-Ocean.

A Strong-Minded Lady Airs Her Views on "Shopping Women."

descolate in one of the little hunch resorts in Sixth avenue. Her lip curled with scorn as through the windows she beheld the crowds of ladies shopping with all their heart and soul and might, s though they had been brought into the world for no other purpose and fully intended to carry out their mission. The strong-minded lady was disgusted. The young girl who sat at the table with her tried her pimost to dissipate the gloomy onds which hovered so persistently over her intellectual companion. The effort was futile. The strong-minded indy declined to be anything but dis-

Don't tell me that such a condition ngs is normal," she said, as group of ladies more energetic and chattering with more volubility than any she had previously seen passed before the window. "I tell you it is nothing of the kind. Those creatures there are for the time being puppets, dolls, or anything you like. Women I decline to call them. Look at them rushing madly into the stores as though their lives depended upon the act. What do they want? Intellectuality to entertain their husbands? Funds of information to course of logic as a remedy of what I devices to keep their brothers at home? No. Six cents worth of ribbon to. match a bonnet, half a vard of plush to cover a hat designed to excel one they have previously seen, or some material from which to make a dress for sum-

mer, though summer isn't nearly here.

Pshaw! The strong-minded lady viciously drained her cup of chocolate, ordered another in stentorian tones, and turned to her youthful companion with renewed vigor. "A shopping woman," she said, "is an abnormal condition of wenneshood induced by the absurdly rapid civilization of the times. I have for the past six years studied the phenomenon of shopping, and I may say, as the result of my studies, that the chronic shopper is afflicted with a species of insanity. She can not help herself. She is determined to shop, come what may. It is as much a part of her daily work as eating or drinking. Let me cite the case of an aunt of mine, which I diagnosed for my own benefit, and which I trust you will allow me to quote in a medical manner. Lizzie C., my aunt, daughter of a very estimable gentleman, married when a young girl. and mixed in the best society. She despised frivolity, had written a series of Bible stories for her children, was always ready to preach against the foolishness of girls, and was generally considered a model wife. I staid some time in her house about the year 1878, and noticed that her husband's business seemed in a bad way, and that there was some pancity of funds. Lizzie C., my aunt, consequently felt herself obliged to reduce expenses and to buy everything of the cheapest. A frantic desire for bargains came upon her. She would rise at an early hour of the morning and attend sales which she had seen advertised, though there was absolutely no necessity that she should do so. I have all the appearance of the most inveterate had such a tiring day, dear,' she said to shoppers. They make minute inquiries me: I have been at the store since nine as to the goods they are inspecting, and o'clock this morning. It's extremely fatiguing. But I am pleased to say I rowfully uttered. This is not exactly have bought some wonderfully cheap goods. They are simply remarkable. Look here.' She produced a parcel, un-folded it, and placed upon the table what

collars, cuffs and bows. "My dear,' said I, in amazement, what did you make those wretched purchases for? I'm not superstitious, but I don't like to see you buying crape when you don't need it."

"You goose, said Lizzie, laughing,

to my horror I recognized as black crape

they only cost a trifle, and I intend to seep them until I go into mourning. Perhaps I shall never have such a chance | act. But think of these women - these again. And you never know when you'll require them.' Now," said the strong-minded lady, energetically, "do on call that the act of a sane woman? My dear child, her intellect had been touched by her husband's misfortunes, though no one recognized that fact but preself. Her doctor always said that she was the healthiest and most clear-minded woman he had ever seen. She reminds me of the fictitions case of Mrs. Smith, which isn't half as ridiculous as you might think at first. Mrs. Smith went to a sale and saw a very cheap door-plate with the name, 'Mrs. Jones,' upon it. She bought it. 'My dear girl, said a friend to whom she spoke of her purchase, 'what did you buy that useless thire for?" 'It's not useless,' said ties for goodness sake: Look at Mrs. Smith, indignantly. My husband might die and I might marry a man named Mr. Jones. And it's awfully

"But don't compare those sensible this! Come, my dear, let us cross the ladies shopping on Sixth avenue to the | road, and pursue the side streets, eranks you have just mentioned," said | where our eyes will not be offended at every step we take . N. Y. Sun. the youthful listener, gravely.

"The principle is the same, dear-the

principle is precisely the same," said the strong-minded lady, emphatically. "But to continue with my Aunt Lizzie. One day she came home with a huge pink sheet, which she had folded into as small a compass as she possibly could, and stuffed under her scalskin jacket. 'Look here, Philip,' she said to her hus-band, 'isn't this a deliciously cheap thing? Fancy! I only paid a penny per yard.

"What's it for?" said Philip, with a grunt. 'I don't see what the use of it is. It may be cheap, but what's it for?'
"'Well, dear,' said Lizzie, meditative-

ly, 'I don't know what it's for, I'm sure, but it would have been a perfect sin to let it go by at such a ridiculously low price. It'll come in useful some time.

"She had a wardrobe," continued the strong-minded lady, "perfectly full of remnants she had bought at sales and subsequently made into dresses. Sometimes she kept the remnants for years before she had them made up. They were consequently most old fashioned and frequently I have heard people say: There is Lizzie with one of the dresses Noah's wife wore when she came out of the ark.' In other points my aunt was perfectly sensible. She could talk polities like a professional politician, was well versed on the literature of the day, and entertained friends in a graceful and charming manner. But to see her rise at an early hour of the morning and go off to a sale at the same time her hus band left for business, not to return un-The strong-minded lady was sipping til he did, late at night, was a heart rending spectacle. I couldn't reason her out of such proceedings, though I tried my hardest to do so. She was

worldly people living. A lady, let us say, can obtain a certain article at Harlem for fifty-two cents. Very good. She hears, however, that in Twentythird street the same thing is sold at forty-eight cents. At once she jumps up and goes down town. She pays ten cents to the elevated road for her journey down and ten cents for her return. But she says: Thave got what I wanted for forty-eight cents, while at Harlem it would have cost four cents more. . She has positively no idea that the article in reality has cost her sixty-eight cents. She would laugh at you if you were to

companion, with a smile. "Don't you believe it," commanded the lady of the vigorous mind, almost stirring the bottom out of the cup which contained her chocolate. "She's no exception. I don't say either that she's the rule, but I assert that she represents

a very large class of bargain-hunting ladies. I should recommend a complete must consider as an abnormal state of mind. Doctors may say what they like about female foibles, but I'm a female, and I know what those foibles should be. I suppose you have never heard that there exist ladies who make it a part of their daily duty to visit the principal stores of the city, look at quantities of goods, and never buy a cent's worth. I assure you that's a fact. Some of the big stores here have made that discovery, and have, moreover, by engaging the

services of keen-eved and observant shop-walkers, so arranged things that these ladies become known to the salesmen, who consequently decline to waste their time with them. In a large Twenty-third street store the other day I was told that whenever one of these ladies comes into the establishment the shop-walker conducts her to the desired counter, says to the salesman the word 'cave,' which, of course, you know, dear, means 'beware,' and leaves her, satisfied that she will not remain very long in the store. When a salesman receives a 'cave' customer he at once declares that the article she desires to see is 'sold out,' and won't be in stock again for a long time."

"Well, what do these women mean by such aimless shopping?' "Why, my dear, it's a cheap entertainment. You remember Jonas Chuzglewit, who used to visit the outsides of theaters and the insides of churches because they cost nothing. Well, the same principle is involved in this aimless shopping business. Of course it is an outrageous thing to do, but you know there are lots of people who will do outrageous things, and think nothing of it. It usually takes a couple of months before a 'cave' customer can be satisfactorily distinguished, this city being so large

that she can divide her unprofitable patronage among many stores. These la-dies generally carry sachels, and have always turn away with the words, sorwhat I want. How extremely annoyed lady angrily, as she paid the waiter for her chocolate, and in her deep abstraction forgot to "tip" him, "you read of the poor wretches who are taken to the police station because they are said to be disorderly in causing annoyances in the public streets? I have seen a poor little banana-seller captured by a policeman, and numerous others who are endeavoring to make a livelihood, because they have forgotten the red

tape which must be employed in the

obstructions to honest purchasers! They

may flourish and they may do as they

"Weli, how could say one prevent it?" asked the girl, impatiently. "I don't say they could, my dear-1 don't say they could. I am simply speaking of the injustice of thingshow everything favors the rich and nothing the poor. The inveterate shopper is, in my opinion, a positive nuisance. She can't explain her business satisfactorily. It was all very well for Longfellow to make his nambypamby Precissa exclaim: I can not reason; I can only feel." We want reasoning, logical women nowadays None of your muic-and-water nonentithem! Look at them!" continued the strong-minded lady, staring trately at the unconscious shoppers. "Oh, me sex, that you should have come to

HUMAN MUSCLES.

The Theory Advanced That They Aave the Power of Memory. "Did it ever occur to you," said well-known local planist, who spends a considerable time in thought, "that human muscles have a memory of their own, and that they perform their functions without special orders from the

mind at times?" "Well, yes," replied the writer, as he sat down at the piano, and unconsciously began exercising his muscles on the keys. "I don't suppose a Hungarian working in 'de titch,' gives his arms special orders how to manipulate a spade, when he cuts out a lump of terra firma."

"That's a very primitive illustration, resumed the other, at the same time closing the piano, locking it, and putting the key in his pocket, "and if you had trained your mind to pick out examples supporting arguments in a discussion, you would have dropped upon a much better one. For I assume that you are capable of understanding that when you follow your calling you would make a dismal failure if you had to interrupt the working of your mind each moment to tell your fingers how to make a letter. You must be aware of the fact that all you have to do in writing an article is to allow your 'houghts full scope and your fingers will out down the words, spelling and all correct, without instruction from the

"When the human muscles perform their functions independently of the quite obdurate. I suppose you know," mind," he continued after a pause, "sci-continued the strong-minded lady, "that bargain-hunters are really the most unmore than one advantage above animals. Philosophers hold that the only advantage is the reasoning power, but here we see a faculty of 'acquiring instinct, which no animal possesses.

"But even writing is not an illustration of the highest order in application to this subject. Not only myself, but every musician, can tell you that in memorizing pieces the fingers do it all. It would be a very difficult feat to remember all the notes in a piece of music, and some musical people rely sq. cer-tainty on their fingers for the mechan-cal part of their playing that when endeavor to convince her of that fact." cal part of their playing that when "She's an exception," said the young they happen to think of the music in the midst of a performance they become nervous, and, the chances are, break down. I will go still further than that. I learned a difficult piece of music eight years ago, lost the music and did not see a piece for two years. I then resumed playing, but had: forgotten all about the piece, wheir one evening, while I was amusing myself at the piano in the dark, my fingers happened to strike the chord of that piece. Then they started in, and while I was thinking of the scenes surrounding the spot where I had learned the piece, they played it expression and all. I can now pul down the curtains of this room, blindfold my eyes, carry on a conversation with you on any subject, and guarantee that my fingers will play that piece with all the expression implied in its tones. This seems a remarkable feat, but there are few good musicians who will not agree to do the same."-Pittsburgh Chronicle.

SNOW-SHOEING.

The Fashionable and Prime Canadian Winter Amusement. Snow-shoeing is one of the prime win ter amusements in Canada; it is as fashionable as lawn tennis, and even more exhilarating. To be deft on the snowshoes is regarded in Montreal society as quite as much of an accomplishment as to be nimble on one's toes in the ballroom. Fashionable young gentlemen and fashionable young ladies, who would regard it almost as a social solecism to go on foot in the pursuit of other amusements, skim over the chrystallized surface of snow-covered hills and vales with no other aid to locomotion than that afforded by their own strong limbs, and

seem to enjoy the sport. The Canadian snow-shoe differs as materially from the snow-shoe in use in the Rocky Mountains as a cat-boat differs from a catamaran. The Canadian snow-shoe is more like a gigantic tennis bat or old-fashioned battledoor than anything else. It is never fastened securely to the foot, but contains simply a toe-piece by which the wearer pushes it along over the crusted snow, his heels being entirely free. It is turned up at the forward end to prevent its burrowing in the snow, and the art of the snowshoer consists in being able to half lift and half push the contrivance rapidly

and evenly. The snow-shoes in use throughout the mountainous regions of Colorado consist of long, narrow boards turned up at one end, which are laced to the feet, and which, having smooth under sides, are used like sleds in descending the mountains. There is a legend extant in Colorado of a famous snow-shoe race, in which the competitors, while descending a steep hill, inadvertently turned their toes outward at too great an angle, and were all as neatly split open from the crotch to the top of the head as was ever a Christmas pig by a butcher's cleaver. No such dire disaster as this is possible in the use of Canadian snowshoes. The Rocky Mountain snowshoes, it must be borne in mind, are frequently more than twenty-two feet in length, and act like independent steel runners on the glassy surface of the

frozen snow. The costume of the Canadian snowshoer is decidedly picturesque, and the inspiriting scene presented by a wellequipped club in full swing over the frozen fields, the leader's horn awakening distant melodious echoes, and the cheeks of the travelers rosy with the exertion of the sport, is one calculated to arouse the enthusiasm of the beholder. A snow-shoeing jaunt in Canada is usually followed by a hot supper. Small wonder that the pastime is popular!-Harper's Weekly.

-A package marked "Estloel" arrived in due season at its destination, East Lowell, Mass.

PITH AND POINT.

-"Do you wish to be my wife, Mabel?" said a little boy. "Yes," incautiously answered Mabel. "Then pull off my boots."-Pali Mull Gazette.

-A man who is willing to hold the baby part of the time and grease the griddle in the morning is, in woman's eye, the only substitute for cash.

-"I've eaten next to nothing," lisped Smithers, who was dining with his girl. "Oh. I always do that when I sit by you," responded the young lady, pleasantly .- Sam.

-"Give us the ballot-box," is the cry of but very few of the fair sex, while the rest of our feminine population is con-tent with being allowed to frequently stuff the band-box. - Philadelphia Her--It is said that "an Ohio man

planted the first American flag in Cali-

fornia soil in 1833." Whether it grew

or not is not stated; but we suppose of course it did. They have a glorious climate out there. -Lowell Citizen. -A man in Northampton County went to sleep in an engine house, using a box of dynamite for a pillow. When he awoke he found his head

blown off. It must have been a painful surprise to him .- Norristown Her--Innocence Out of the City .- "I wish you'd let me go to the city with you, Charlie, dear," said a young wife to her husband, who is on the Stock Exchange; "I should so like just for oace to take a stroll through the money market."-N.

Y. Ledger. -Mr. Middlemas met three tramps this morning; to the first he gave five cents, to the second ten cents, and to the third ten cents--what time was it? give it up? Want me to tell you? Why, it is easy to see what time it was a quarter to three."-N. Y. Independ-

-Nothing makes a man feel the value of an economical wife so much as when he finds that the hundred dollars he had given her to buy Christmas presents with has been invested in pay-ing her dressmaker's bill and buying him a corn-cob pipe. - Fall River

-Wife-"Aren't you going to eat your pudding, dear?" Husband (pokng it disparagingly with his spoon)-It would kill me to eat that mess of indigestible stuff." Wife-"I know it's not very nice, but vou had better eat it dear. I hate to see it wasted."-Chi-

-Times are pretty hard with some of the small brokers in the new board of trade district. A deaf and dumb man went into an office in the open Board o Trade Building the other day, and seizing a piece of paper, wrete: "I am hungry." The broker took the piece o paper, read the unhappy words and scrawled under them: "Soam I."-Chi cago Herald.

-She should have darned 'em-The beautiful maiden is shopping to-day, Quite busy, and to her surprise, While through the thronged street she is

taking her way, Her beau in the street she espies. ood gracious! 'tis awiul! He's coming, no And swift to her heart strikes a pain; The eyes of affection will single her out, He'll see her and speak, that is plain. he halts, blushes redly, then crosses th

street, Avoiding the youth that she loves; The maid it would mortify much should they There are holes in the tips of her gloves

-Boston Courier.

He Buys a Prairie-Dog Town for a Mink

A GREEN ONE.

"There are some mighty green men n this world," said the passenger from the West, "and I struck one of 'em : week or two ago. If I hadn't wouldn't be here now. Last spring ! went out in Western Nebraska and homesteaded a quarter section. I hadn' seen the land, but took it supposin' was all right. But when I got there I found it already inhabited. About one hundred and fifty acres of the one hundred and sixty were covered with a prairie-dog town. Well, I concluded to settle down and see what I could do, and I'm mighty glad now that I did About two weeks ago l was up to the railroad station trying to get trusted for some bacon and flour and terbacker, an' feelin' right smart discouraged. I was out of money and grub, and the winter was comin' on ast, an I couldn't see anyway out of it but to eat prairie dogs, and they're mighty hard to catch. But that day was the turning point in my luck. While I was at the station an Englishman got off the cars, an' said as how he was out West lookin' for a place to make an investment. Said he'd heard o' the fur business, an' wanted to know if he was out in the fur country

"'Furs,' says I, 'there hain't no't'an' just then an idea struck me, an' changed my tune. 'Furs,' says I, 'thereain't co better fur country than this on arth. Just come out to my place till I show you my fur farm. "And he went out with me, an' showed him the prairie-dog town, an',

as luck would have it, it was a bright,

sunny day, an' the dogs were out scoot-

in' around by the hundreds.

" 'Talkin' about furs,' says I, 'what d've think of that? I've been six years growin' those mink, an' hain't sold a hide. It's all natural grease. Guess they's 'bout seven thousand of 'em now. an' they double every year. How many will there be in ten years?"

"You oughter seen that Englishman" eyes open as he took out his pencil an' figured it up. He made it 7,168,000

"Well,' says I, 'call it 5,000,000 to be on the safe side. It won't cost a dollar to keep 'em, either, an' if they're worth cent they're worth a dollar spiece. There's millions in it. "Then we got right down to business,

un' in less than an hour I had sold out for seven thousand dollars cash, an' the next day I paid three hundred and fifty dollars for the homestead at the Land Office, got my patent and transferred it to him and took the first train for the East. Step into the buffer with me, partner, an' take a drink." - Chicago

A SAD LOVE STORY. The Widow Who Picyed It Rather Lov Down on Her Beau. Oxcoose me if I shed some tears, Und wipe my nose away; Und if a lump vas in my troat, It comes up dere to shtay.

My sadness I shall now unfolds, Und if dot tale of woe Don'd do some Dutchmans any good, Den 1 don't pelief 1 know.



You see, I fall myself in Und effery night I goes
Aeross to Brooklyn by dot
bridge.
All dressed in Sunday
clothes.

Und all alone in this colt

Her heart for love was on der pine, Und dot I like to see; Und all der time I hoped dot heart I keeps a butcher shop, you know,
Und in a shtocking stout,
I put away my gold und bills,
Und no one gets him oudt.

bank cashier
Goes skipping off
mit cash,
shleep so sound as

never vas, Vhile rich folks go to shmash. court dot vidder six-Dot vidder she Und vhen I says: "Vill She says: "You bet The be!"

Ve vos engaged—oh! blessed fact! I squeeze dot dimpled hand; Her head upon my shoulder lays,



"I like to say I haf Und up in Youkars I

day vos set,

Der times vos duil, my butcher boy,



"DEAR SHAKE: "Der rose vos redt, Der violet blue-You see I've left,

WHO KNOWS?

Common Occurrence Described in Te Paragraphs.

He sat in the parlor. She was similarly indulging. They had been doing this similarly

our mortal hours. It was eleven thirty p. m. He was happy.

She was tired. He asked if he might sing. She said the patrol wagon didn't con out after eleven o'clock.

Then he tuned up his voice and started "Ever of Thee I'm Fondly Dreaming," he "Why don't you wake up and go home?"

she queried, querulously. He waked up. He went home. He never came back. But another young man took his place. They burn the paternal coal and gas sev-

en wights per week. Possibly it is better thus. Who knows? - Merchant Traveler.



"Had a narrow escape, but saved neck, anyhow."-Rambler.

Gradual Exhaustion. Boggs (at the boarding-house table)-Another cup of tea, if you please, Mrs.

Mrs. F. (severely)-Mr. Boggs, the tea is exhausted. Boggs-I should think it would be. It has been growing gradually weaker ever since I made its acquaintance.- The Ram-

Right in the Family. Judge Peterby said to his colored ser-

"You will have to quit. You attend to your work very well, but I am always missing things about the house, and every time it is you that takes them.' " Boss, don't send me off on dat account. Hit mus be a comfurt ter yer, when yer

am."-Texas Siftings. Where Noah Kept the Bees. Little Bess-Tommy, do you think Noah took bees into the ark?

Master Tommy-Why, of course he did.

"I don't know. In the arc-hives, I guess."

the animals? Where did he keep 'em?"

Philadelphia Call.

"But wouldn't they have stung Noah and

ance among Lambs with the Intenti eading them to Sunday-school. - Detroit Free Press. The Enfant Terrible.

Moral: A Wolf doesn't make his Appear-

The Pensant and the Serpent

One day upon his Return from Market a

Peasant found a Dangerous Serpent play-

ing with his children. Without stopping

to make Inquiries he seized a clob and dealt

"Wasn't your Action an Arbitrary Abuse

of l'ower?" queried the Toad. "I don't think you can Prove that the Serpent had

"As to that," replied the Peasaut, "the time to kill Poisonous Reptiles is before

the Reptile a Mortal blow.

struck one of your Children.'

you are Bitten."

"Were you born before Adam?" asked a little girl of old D'Argent, who was waiting in the parlor while his young fiances was getting ready for the opera.

that?" responded D'Argent, benignantly. "Well, I heard sister Fanny telling Char-lie Manners that she hated to have to Yes; it's hard to be tied to a feasil older, than creation."-The Judge.



New England Twigs.

A Malden school-mistress thinks that some of her pupils' compositions are funnier than anything of Mark Twain's. From an essay on "Fashion" written by a boy of twelve, she cites the following:

"Sensible people wear sensible fashions, and insensible people insensible fashions."

Another hopeful of hers, writing on the subject "A Rainy Afternoon", evolved from an inner consciousness deeper than that of Josh Billings, the following sent-

"It rained hard, and I could not go owdoors, and so I went out in the shed and sod some wood.

In a little straw frame on the mantle is a sentence from the pen of her youngest and brightest, given in answer to the request "Write, in twenty words, a definition of 'Man'." It reads thus: "Man is an animal that stands up; he is not very big, and he has to work for a

tiving."-Boston Record. The Religious School of Art. "Yes," said Mrs. Bennington, "my son, George, is getting to be quite an artist."

"Does he affect any particular school of art?" asked the visitor. "He paints religious pictures mostly, I think. Isn't it a Madonna that George is



painting now, Mr. B.?" asked the old lady turning to her husband "Yes," said the old man, "it's a Madonna -a prima douna."-Life.

A Truly Modest Doctor.

An unfortunate woman was run over by a street car. A crowd gathered around the victim. After some delay a celebrated doctor who enjoys a National reputation appeared on the scene. It was too late. The poor woman was dead, even before the dec-

"O, doctor, if you had only come a little sooner," said a voice in the crowd. "Even if I had come sooner, what more could I have done for her?" replied the dor-tor, modestly gazing at the placed features of the corpse.-Chicago Telegram.

A Damb Waiter-

A lady in the South End hat week with happened to be in the kitchen about supper-time handed a dish to the new domesti with the remark: "That goes to the dumlwaiter." The girl was gone some time, but finally returned panting for breath and with the dish still in her hand. "Sure," she said, "I have been all over Hit mus be a comfurt ter yer, when yer the house, mum, from cellar to attic and missing anything to know right whar it the dickens of a dumb waiter could I find or one that could talk aither. Bedad think he's gone out."-Baston Budget.

Prompt Attention.

"Why didn't you come when I rang?" said a Texas lady to her domesti "Because I didn't heah de bell." "Hereafter when you don't hear the bell you must come and tell me so." Yes, mum. - Texas Siftings.